

THE O_wO MEN

what's XP

volume 57 issue 5



11/22/2022

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Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

- Leo: Tsuyuki “The Clumper” Asano
- Jay: Sonic the Hedgehog
- J: Jonas Jonas XXVII
- Teddy: Midnight Snack
- Nicholas: Dick Gumshoe
- Ronan: [Redacted]
- Willow: Almond Joy
- Kodiak: Pope Innocent XIV
- Jo: [Redacted]
- Luke: TUCK’er CarlSNUG
- Alice: [Redacted]
- Casper: Roman “The Unclumper” Harper
- Mia: Shah Rukh Kum

Front Cover: Jay Poggi
Back Cover: J. E. Cramer

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office, Leo’s mailbox (1593), or Jay’s mailbox (0370).

Policy

The Omen is an every-other-week-ly publication that is the world’s only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that break neither the law nor the Hampshire College Student Handbook. Send your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fanfiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry to omen@hampshire.edu; we’ll publish it all, and we’re happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire’s longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you’re submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can’t promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which take place every other Friday at 7:00 p.m. in the basement of Merrill A. You should come and answer the staff box question. We don’t bite. You can find the Omen every other Monday in Saga, the post office, online at expelallo.men, and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Find all issues here!



EDITORIAL



by Leo Zhang and Jay Poggi

SECTION SPEAK

A Southerner’s Musings on The Year’s First Snow

by Malfoy Kimmel

Being from southern Texas, one of the questions I often get asked here is: *have you seen snow?* Short answer, yes. Please stop asking.

But oh, my. I have never seen snow like this.

Snow, that falls fast yet gently, snow that falls more slowly in the beam of the streetlight. Snow, whose silence is a sound within itself, birds’ chirps and leaves’ crunching absent. Snow, that turns evergreens into frosted cake, their bare deciduous brothers into lacework. The grass and branches are muffled, blissfully, as if with cotton pillows.

Above all, this is snow I see outside my bedroom window, turned immortal simply by the stillness of the night. This is the *first* snow, preceding the second snow, the third, and the final, which is only now a vision for the future, a vision I don’t crave. Because what other beauty is comparable to this? What young American queen or king can toss their head with the same casual iciness as winter does? Winter, that silver-eyed creature that slinks along the ground like a cat, paws pressing into this, yes, fresh-fallen snow. She has evaded me until now, for the November-to-Februarys at home could not compare to this.

I can barely keep my hands busy on the keyboard because my curtains are open. The apple tree opposite me stands dressed in frost, the sleeping wood covered in and cradling a thin layer of white. I can hardly take my eyes off it.

As it freezes outside, as the sky turns gray, I finally understand the meaning of warmth, as one left in the dark understands the meaning of light. To be shielded within these manmade panes and curl up in bed, holding close the divine memory of having walked in the snow, tentatively, because I am afraid to slip. Tomorrow, perhaps, the thin layer upon the ground will have melted. Winter, darling winter, has only just begun to take her first steps this year. But in these first flakes is the promise of more.

Tonight, I will dream of white-dressed faeries and sugared grass. How precious it is, to be alive here.

15 November, 2022
10:09 PM 🐼

For the Love of Ravens

by Ziehal Stephenson-Sweeney and Aurelia Benoit-Corey

A brief conversation about ravens held over two days and the poem that came of it.

Oh to be a raven,
flying free above the Hudson Bay,
two by two

Oh to be a raven,
to enamor shining things
and to be enamored.
mighty wings

Oh to be a raven,
to give ode to the wind and sky

Oh I wish to be a raven so 🐼

Oh to be a raven,
living my dreams

Oh to be a raven,
circling the world,
whispering stories
into the ear of a god

To find the other half of their
Conspiracy.
To hold power over storm
Together

a needlessly complicated story about developing musical taste (part 1)

by willow watson

when i was little, my parents listened to cds. it had been years since they’d used cassettes & longer since vinyl, & even napster was taken down before i was born, yet technologies like ipods or smartphones were still too novel to use in their place. cds fit right in the middle - modern & reliable enough, with a simple design & a decent selection of music available. they were always better than the radio, & not just because the radio reception was always spotty or because you couldn’t be sure they’d play anything good: i liked cds because they were familiar. even though my parents owned several cabinets’ worth of discs, they could sing along to any of them, & every one meant something special. it was nice, too, that you could see who & what you were listening to, especially in the back seat of my dad’s toyota, which was constantly littered with the cases of at least the last ten albums we’d heard. we had a cd player in the kitchen & in both of my parents’ cars, & we’d use them for all sorts of occasions - road trips, runs to the supermarket, dinner parties, even holidays. it was mostly through these that i gained my first knowledge of music, & so of course i was greatly influenced by my parents’ tastes.

they each had their own preferences: my mom tended to like punkier stuff - like the clash, the ramones, siouxsie & the banshees, & the smiths - while my dad was partial to older, folkier music instead - think doc watson, pete seeger, the everly brothers, & the mills brothers. my favorites tended to be the ones in the overlap between their tastes, like the beach boys, the beatles, blondie, & the police. i got to know the bands that they listened to, the songs they liked, & the albums they owned, but never really much beyond that. my parents hadn’t really kept up with new music coming out since probably the mid-nineties, so my impression of modern popular music was composed completely of stuff on top 40 stations & the like. all of it sounded exactly the same to me, & discouraged me from trying anything new or expanding outside the boundaries of their tastes. it took me a long time to even unconsciously move away from their influence, which first really happened with music from soundtracks, musicals, & video games. since i had never really had context for music or thought deeply about my taste, i had no qualms listening to anything i liked even if it wasn’t very serious or even very good. i was just as into weird al, music from flash games, & cartoon intro themes as i was anything else, & while both my mom & my dad liked corniness up to a point, a lot of the stuff i started to like on my own went over the line.

still, i didn’t really have taste in anything, i just liked stuff that was familiar without trying to figure out what i appreciated about it. that fact didn’t bother me for a long time, so all through elementary school & much of middle school it remained the same, with the only new music i really paid attention to being whatever we were singing in the school musicals or playing in the orchestra. then, for some inexplicable reason, around seventh or eighth grade, i decided to commit myself to self-improvement. i’m sure many things contributed to this need, & it affected my attitude towards much more than music, but it’s relevant here because it filled me, practically overnight, with the sudden urge to develop & categorize my musical taste.

but how do you first approach such a nebulous, indistinct goal? for me, the answer was to 1.) make a playlist on youtube of every song i liked & 2.) to start listening to popular music year-by-year in order to understand how one thing led to another. i started right away on number two, deciding first to begin with the year 1950, & then changing my mind - if i wanted to catch up with my peers & understand music in the present, it would make more sense to choose something more recent. i ended up settling on 2012, because it was the first year where i remembered when the top hits of the year had

hit their peak. unfortunately, i found that i still disliked songs like “gangnam style” & “call me maybe” just as much as i had in the summer of second grade, & discouraged, i pivoted my focus to goal number one, the playlist.

i figured that if i wanted to get anything out of the list, i ought to expand on the things i was putting into it, so as i added songs, i’d look into the lyrics or the artists to try to broaden my knowledge of what i liked. after a couple days of adding to it, i noticed something that caught my attention. the wikipedia articles for devo, madness, blondie, talking heads, & the police all included “new wave” under the genres they played, so i looked into it further, & was amazed to discover that i was an enormous fan. many of my favorite songs fell under the category of “new wave,” & every new discovery i made helped me to like it more. something about the synthesizers & the styles they used, the attitudes & lyrics & sounds all came together into a genre that i fell head over heels in love with. another large part of my fascination was that finally i had found a specific genre to describe my taste, or a piece of it at least. i had only just started looking into my opinions on music, & already this was a step that i had never made in the past. being able to say i liked new wave music excited me & made me eager for more, so i diligently began to explore within the genre & time period. i started listening to duran duran, new order, depeche mode, squeeze - bands i knew by sound & not by name, with vast amounts of music that i was still unfamiliar with & sure to like. i kept digging deeper & finding more over the next couple of months, expanding into my parents’ old records, lists of new wave songs & music in related genres, & adding to my comprehensive playlist, until i realized that it had become so large that i couldn’t find any way to shuffle it properly.

to be continued...🐼

Popsicle Anecdote

by Teddy Stahl


When I was a kid there was a rule in my house that I wasn’t allowed to eat a box of popsicles in a day.

So I’d eat 19 in a day and eat the last on the next morning.🐼

SECTION LIES

“You are *not* going to school. For the love of god, Leo, if you don’t lay back down and go to sleep I will have a mental breakdown



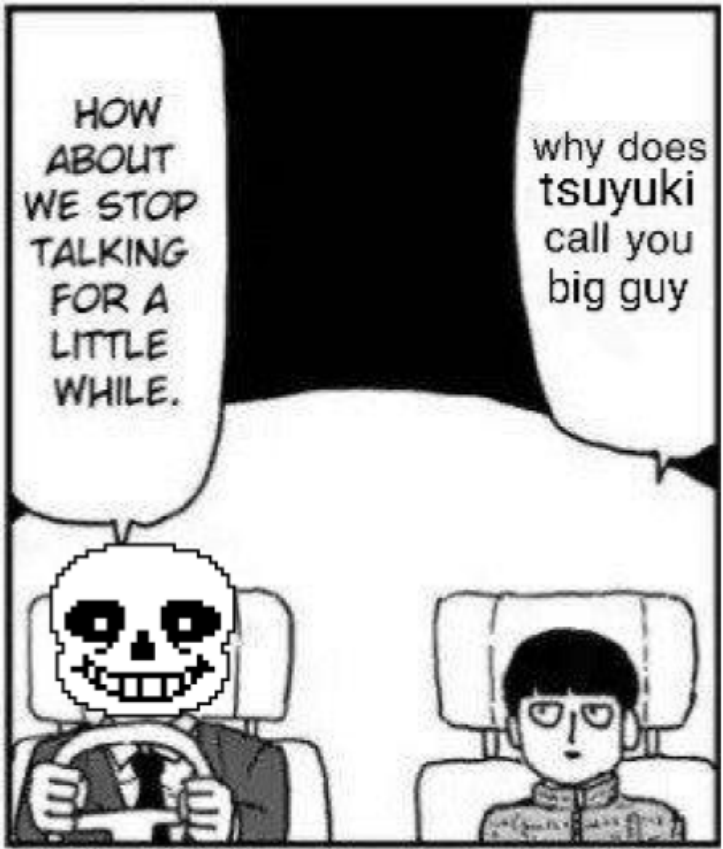


redrobin-detective

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Nov 6

After careful consideration and going over multiple options I think the best choice is stay warm and cozy in bed forever.



Anonymous said

Would you sloppy a neurotypical?

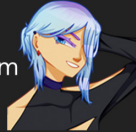


jame7t

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Aug 24

they won't be neurotypical when I'm done with them




xactoknifegun

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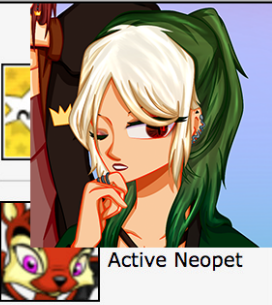
Aug 27

swampwizard

call that a traumatic head injury









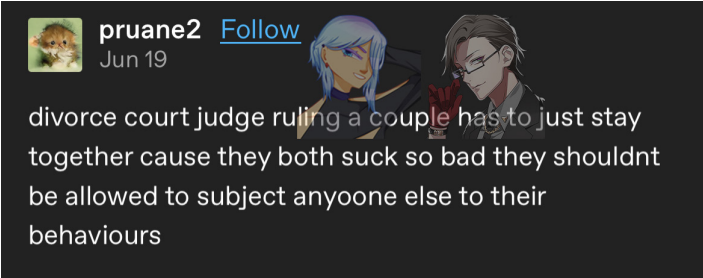
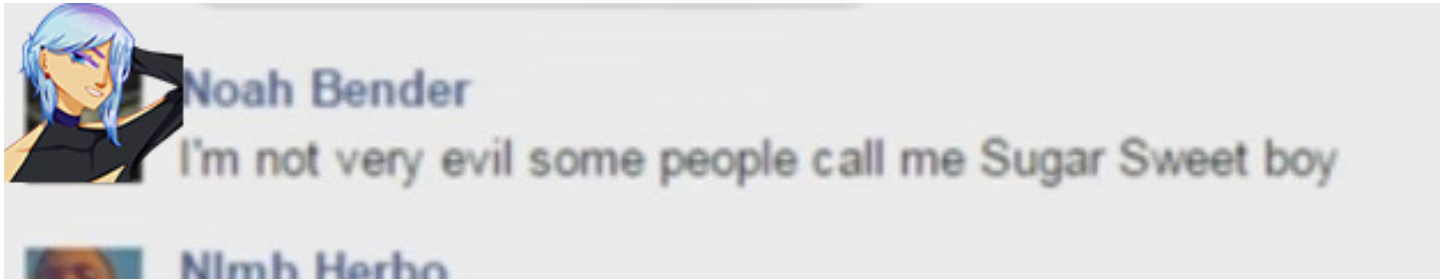
Active Neopet

Posted: 28 May 2017 - 11:16 pm

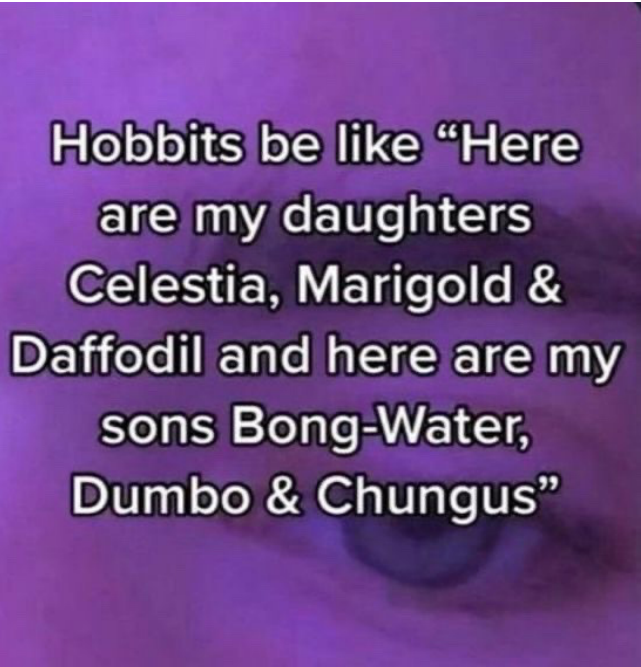
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Is arguing some kind of coping mechanism for you??

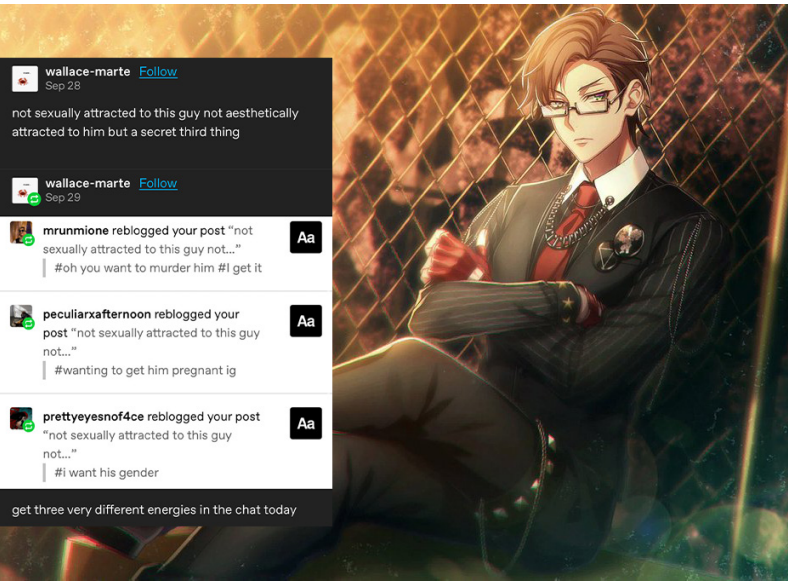




	Did something wrong	Did nothing wrong	Has no idea what the thing is
Apologises			
Never apologises			
Apologises as a manipulation tactic			



For pronouns, he selected 'he/him.' For gender, however, he wrote, "No." For sexuality, he wrote nothing. For religious affiliation, he wrote, "Sure, why not."



Section Hate



Shooga Whooga, by Nicholas Utakis-Smith



Fun Gender-Neutral Things to Call Someone During Sex

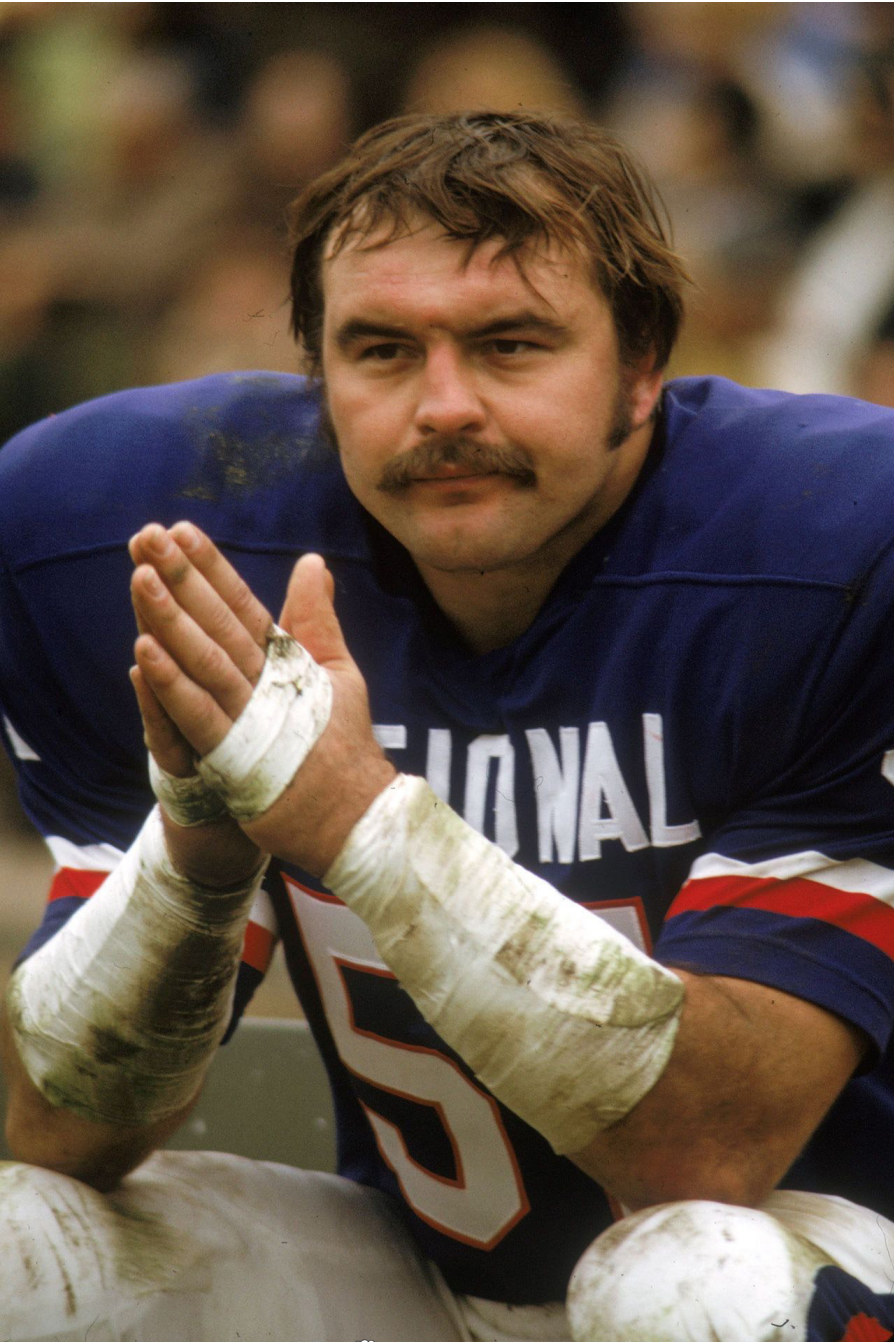
by J. E. Cramer, with due counsel from Lucas Brisbois, Jay Poggi, Kodiak Sanders, Teddy Stahl, and Nicholas Utakis-Smith as indicated thus: *

- Your Honor
- Old sport
- Gov’nor
- Skipper*
- Champ*
- My sticky friend
- Buckaroo
- O Captain My Captain
- Chris
- Production Assistant*
- Production Assistant (derogatory)*
- Blargle
- “Hey, you in the absent shirt!”
- Genitalia van Slur
- Allosexual Attorney
- [tips hat, perhaps seductively] Pard’ner*
- Mx. Brightside*
- Dr. Brightside*
- Professor Brightside*
- The Right Honorable Brightside
- My Chemical Romance*
- Non-binary Dr. K. Hubert Phipps, D.D.S.
- Lucas Brisbois*
- God’s favorite animatronic wolverine
- Zebulon the Sex Witch
- Kerosene Kelly*
- Meat bag (affectionate)*
- Meat bag (dismissive bordering on outright derogatory)*
- Meat Loaf (the actor and musician)
- Big Iron*
- Small Iron
- Texas Red*
- Texas Blue*
- Texas Magenta
- Texas Taupe
- [REDACTED]*
- [CENSORED]
- [DATA EXPUNGED]

-Yog-Sothoth, the Lurker at the Threshold, the Key and the Gate; Yog-Sothoth, born of the Nameless Mist; Yog-Sothoth the All-Encompassing, the All-in-One and the One-in-All

-Old friend—we’ve been through hell together, you and I, and now you live just across the street—you’re married now; of course you are, but you’ve only got two real passions in life: stealing the tassels off other people’s graduation caps, and cheating on your spouse with me. Are you happy in that old house? I wouldn’t be. I haven’t been happy at all in years, but you sure do make things better. Would you run away with me? You and I could finally see everything we swore we would, back when the skies above us were brighter and we were too. It would be just you, me, and your several dozen graduation tassels. I never had a family of my own, not really, but you feel like an adventure and just like home should, all at once. You might not be what I’ve been looking for all this time, but god, I doubt it. Also in this scenario your gender identity is never specified.

- LEGO Batperson
- your own name
- my name
- their Social Security Number
- anything blasphemous
- Alex 🐑



Dick Butkus by Teddy Stahl 🐑

HOMOSEXUAL MARRIAGE

